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No. 44 Larned Street, West,
DETROIT, MICH.

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DETROIT, MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 177,336 bu., against 129,480 bu. the previous week and 154,845 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 20,989 bu. against 78,414 bu. the previous week, and 59,393 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,506,432 bu., against 2,416,000 bu. last week and 2,358,637 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 1 was 69,729,869 bu. against 69,343,343 bu. the previous week, and 58,394,943 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 465,926 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Jan. 1 were 1,503,517 bu. against 981,937 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 9,805,392 bu. against 1,547,380 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

Wheat has been irregular the past week, with occasional spells of activity and extreme weakness. Values have given way under large offerings, but not to such an extent as was expected from the large visible supply and the high freight rates to the seaboard. The demand from abroad keeps up well, and as prices in the English market keep gradually advancing, it serves to sustain values from dropping below a point at which it can be exported. The week closed with values in this market at the lowest points of the week, and the tone dull, as was the case at the previous date. There were no features of interest, fluctuations being within narrow limits. Toledo was weak and lower. New York was firm for spot, but closed easier for options. Liverpool was quiet but steady.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from December 15th to January 3d inclusive:

	No. 1 White	No. 2 Red	No. 3 Mixed
Dec. 15	78 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
16	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
17	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
18	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
19	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
20	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
21	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
22	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
23	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
24	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
25	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
26	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
27	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
28	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
29	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
30	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
31	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
Jan. 1	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
2	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
3	79 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices each day of this past week on the various grades of No. 1 white:

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Tuesday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Tuesday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Wednesday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Thursday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Friday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Saturday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its issue of December 27th, says there is no change to note in the position of the crops, and that they are all in a healthy condition. Trade in grain was quiet, as usual at the close of the year. In France, a protracted season of rainy weather has been followed by dry and colder weather, with heavy falls of snow throughout the country. Supplies in the country markets have consequently been light, and prices firm; millers, however, buy sparingly. The change in the weather is very favorable for the young plant.

From Russia reports show that the port of St. Petersburg was open one month later this season than last. Odessa mail advices of Dec. 18 report colder weather, and agricultural prospects good. The grain market had been active for Azim wheat at higher prices, but closed quieter. The important transactions effected during the week, coupled with absence of fresh supplies, led to a decided decrease in stocks, which are now small, and composed almost entirely of secondary qualities of Azim wheat. Rye in demand for Norway and Sweden and Rotterdam, but scarce.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	62,584,343
On passage for United Kingdom	14,825,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	5,800,000
Total bushels Dec. 25, 1886	83,209,343
Total previous week	82,529,474
Total two weeks ago	80,145,589
Total Dec. 25, 1886	74,167,513

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Jan. 1 were 80,000 to 200,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Dec. 25 the receipts are estimated to have been 4,179,048 bu. less than the consumption.

The Liverpool market is quoted higher with fair demand. Winter wheat is quoted

at 7s 8d@7s 10d., spring at 7s 6d@7s 9d. and California No. 1 at 7s. 10d.@7s. 11d. per cental.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 53,784 bu., against 53,719 bu. the previous week, and 63,937 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 12,749 bu., against 43,876 bu. the previous week, and 64,414 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on Jan. 1 amounted to 15,783,114 bu. against 15,584,605 bu. the previous week, and 10,555,337 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 1,198,509 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 663,692 bu., against 800,384 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,865,334 bu., against 7,399,195 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 301,185 bu. against 301,032 bu. last week and 70,000 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Corn has weakened in sympathy with wheat, although cable reports from Liverpool on Saturday were strong. The market here is slow, and prices are lower than a week ago. No. 2 is quoted at 37 1/2c and No. 2 yellow at 38c per bu. The Chicago market is also lower, and the week closed with dullness the most prominent feature of the market. No. 2 is quoted there at 36 1/2c@36 3/4c for spot, January delivery at 36 1/2c@36 3/4c, February at 36 1/2c@36 3/4c, March at 36 1/2c@36 3/4c, and May at 42 1/2c@43c. At New York the week closed with spot fairly active and steady, and futures rather weak. The Liverpool market is reported quiet, steady and a little higher. Quotations there yesterday were as follows: New mixed spot, 4s. 7 1/2d. per cental; January, 4s. 7d.; February, 4s. 7d., and March at 4s. 6d.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 1 was 5,026,610 bu., against 4,990,485 bu. the previous week, and 3,419,351 bu. Jan. 2, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were nothing, against nothing the previous week, and for the last eight weeks were 161,938 bu. against 406,097 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows a decrease of 30,135 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 16,925 bu., against 26,352 bu. the previous week, and 53,639 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 16,633 bu., against 14,552 bu. the previous week, and 55,199 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 4,653 bu., against 3,660 bu. the previous week, and 10,776 bu. for same week in 1885. Oats maintain a dull but steady tone, with values showing a slight advance during the week. No. 2 white are now quoted at 38 1/2c per bu., No. 2 mixed at 31c, and light mixed are nominal at 31 1/2c. Both stocks and receipts are light. At Chicago the week closed with a dull market, and prices showing a decline on spot. No. 3 mixed are quoted there at 26 1/2c, and on the street at 27 1/2c@30c; No. 2 white, by sample, sold at 30 1/2c@31c. In futures No. 3 mixed for January is quoted at 26 1/2c per bu., February at 26 1/2c and May at 31c. The New York market is fairly active and a shade higher on mixed, while white are rather weaker. No. 3 white are quoted at 40 1/2c per bu., No. 3 white at 40c, and No. 2 mixed at 35c. In futures No. 3 mixed sold at 35 1/2c@35 3/4c for January, 35c for February, and 37c for May. While business has been less active the past week, and values sometimes showing weakness, the general tendency is toward a higher range of prices.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

There is a decidedly better tone to the trade at all points, and in this market prices are firmer and higher for choice dairy stock. Ordinary dairy rolls are selling at 14@15c, choice packed stock at 16@18c, and sometimes extra fine bringing 30c per lb. Creamery is not so well, and ranges from 24 to 26c per lb. Fine dairy is scarce and the demand is not met. The Chicago market is firm, and there is quite an active movement of stock. At the close of the week receipts of fancy creamery were light and holders found no difficulty in obtaining 30@31c per lb. and a few instances as much as 33c. Fine makes, sweet and of good flavor, brought 27@28c, while a grade below these ranged at 24@26c. Dairies sold for local consumption at 22@25c for fancy and 15@18c for medium quality; choice fresh roll butter was in moderate request at 15@18c and ordinary to fair at 9@14c; common and packing stock, 10@12 1/2c. The New York market is quiet but apparently in good shape, prices keeping up well under an improved demand. The *N. Y. Daily Bulletin*, says of the market:

"Choice creamery goods sell closely, the Pennsylvanias, as usual, commanding a premium over regular quotations under a steady and judicious management to a regular run of customers, but Elgins are also occasionally going a trifle higher, and 33c appears quite inside for the best. The general run of Western creamery is the most unsatisfactory stock to handle, owing to its faulty flavor, and it is possible that on this grade close buyers might pick up something at comparatively low cost. State dairy is firm, held, and while as yet only moderately active, appears to be securing rather more attention than last week. Imitation creamery and Western dairy firm, and the fine portion of ladle worked in very good demand, especially for the out-of-town trade."

Quotations at that market on Saturday were as follows:

	Butter.
Creamery, tubs, choice	30 1/2
Creamery, tubs, prime	29 1/2
Creamery, tubs, good	28 1/2
Creamery, tubs, fair	27 1/2
Creamery, tubs, ordinary	26 1/2
Creamery, tubs, poor	25 1/2
Creamery, tubs, very poor	24 1/2
Creamery, tubs, refuse	23 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	22 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	21 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	20 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	19 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	18 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	17 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	16 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	15 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	14 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	13 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	12 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	11 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	10 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	9 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	8 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	7 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	6 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	5 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	4 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	3 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	2 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	1 1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	1/2
Creamery, tubs, no sale	0

"The first week of the new year closes with an active market at lower quotations. Towards the close, however, the tone was somewhat improved by the receipts of favorable telegrams from abroad. The demand, quiet at the opening, was greatly increased towards the close by the arrival of a number of buyers in the market, and sales since Thursday noon have been considerable."

The *U. S. Economist*, of New York, also notes the better feeling abroad, and says:

"The cable brings us news from Paris, London, and Liverpool today that the markets are again excited for all the week and weeks, and that prices have advanced 2 1/2c@3c, a pound, 4c, 4 1/2c, etc. This is important news at the last moment, as the bottom was about touching out of the markets here, and prices of soured Texas and Territory wool were from 5 to 10 a pound lower than a month ago."

All of which goes to show that the outlook for holders is improving.

The *Michigan Grange* will hold a Farmers' Institute at Delhi, January 14 and 15.

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending January 1 were 317,241 lbs., against 300,383 lbs. the previous week, and 204,210 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 197,981 lbs.

CHEESE.

Cheese ruled strong in all the markets the past week, and choice stock is generally regarded as good property on the basis of present values. In this market prices are unchanged. New York full cream is quoted at 13 1/2c@14c, Michigan at 13 1/2c@14c, and Ohio at 13 1/2c@14c. The Chicago market is firm and unchanged, with full cream relatively the strongest. Fine full cream cheddars and flats (two in a box), 13c@12 1/2c per lb., and Young Americans, 13c; choice skims, 9c@10c; common to good do, 2c@5c; fancy imitation Swiss, 12c@13c. The extreme cold weather which ruled at Chicago the past week, at one time the thermometer indicating 34 degrees below zero, interfered with shipments, but the week closed with prices firm. The New York market is fairly active on home account and quiet for exports, but values keep remarkably steady. Mr. Stephen Underhill has prepared and published his annual report of the "visible supply" of cheese on January 1st in the United States, Canada, and on the ocean and at Liverpool and London. The totals show that in 1885, at the date mentioned, the "visible supply" was 847,850 boxes; in 1886, 930,314 boxes; in 1887, 666,461 boxes. These figures show conclusively a very important shortage as compared with former years, and that the statistical position of the market is one of great strength. Quotations in the New York market on Saturday were as follows:

	State factory, fancy, on dom. order
13	13 1/2
14	14 1/2
15	15 1/2
16	16 1/2
17	17 1/2
18	18 1/2
19	19 1/2
20	20 1/2
21	21 1/2
22	22 1/2
23	23 1/2
24	24 1/2
25	25 1/2
26	26 1/2
27	27 1/2
28	28 1/2
29	29 1/2
30	30 1/2
31	31 1/2
32	32 1/2
33	33 1/2
34	34 1/2
35	35 1/2
36	36 1/2
37	37 1/2
38	38 1/2
39	39 1/2
40	40 1/2
41	41 1/2
42	42 1/2
43	43 1/2
44	44 1/2
45	45 1/2
46	46 1/2
47	47 1/2
48	48 1/2
49	49 1/2
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62	62 1/2
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65	65 1/2
66	66 1/2
67	67 1/2
68	68 1/2
69	69 1/2
70	70 1/2
71	71 1/2
72	72 1/2
73	73 1/2
74	74 1/2
75	75 1/2
76	76 1/2
77	77 1/2
78	78 1/2
79	79 1/2
80	80 1/2
81	81 1/2
82	82 1/2
83	83 1/2
84	84 1/2
85	85 1/2
86	86 1/2
87	87 1/2
88	88 1/2
89	89 1/2
90	90 1/2
91	91 1/2
92	92 1/2
93	93 1/2
94	94 1/2
95	95 1/2
96	96 1/2
97	97 1/2
98	98 1/2
99	99 1/2
100	100 1/2

It does me good to greet a comrade from the "old Empire State" in which I was born, and which has done so much to people and ennoble this State of Michigan.

And now, in the very outset, I desire to say that I sympathize with Mr. Adams and the unfortunate farmers whose condition he depicts. To his question in regard to the oppressed and tax-ridden farms of his country of Monroe, I would frankly answer No, it is not right. The evils of which he complains demand, and I do hope and trust will receive, a remedy. But did Mr. Adams ever hear the motto, that "two wrongs never made a right"? These things that he cites are only evidences of the tax-ridden condition in which the farming class has so long been held. And here we must again revert to the language of our favorite author, Goldsmith:

"In every climate, and on every soil,
The men who think will govern those who toil."

Right there is where too much of the trouble comes in—too little thinking; too much toiling. But let me remind friend Adams and the reader, that for over a hundred years that our government has existed, our states, counties and towns, and even our school districts have mainly been sustained by a tax on property. Now if the system is too hideous to be adopted by the general government, why have not our States abandoned it long ago? I hold that the system of taxation that is good enough for the "mob" is good enough for the millionaire. The staff is in the hands of the farmer; why don't he use it? No other class of our citizens are so numerous, and if the 49 per cent of our voting population would unite in demanding any reform, they could enforce it. But, before I forget, I would say to Mr. Adams, that in suggesting property as the basis of taxation, I did not mean to be understood as confining it to real estate. By no means. On the contrary, I used the word property in its most general and comprehensive sense. Most especially I would include those millions of bonds which our law-makers in their sympathy for the millionaire have exempted from taxation. I would also by all means include the mortgages and securities held by the wealthy against the poor, which, as one said, they lock up in their trunks, and "lie awake nights, to hear them draw interest."

It is really not so difficult to reach these matters as many suppose, if followed up with a will. I speak from the standpoint of some little experience, as an assessor of taxes. In our own State, and I presume in almost every State in the Union, the law empowers the supervisor or assessor to put his subject under oath, and make him give an account of his hidden wealth, under the pains and penalties of perjury. I never yet had to put one man to this test, and he came down splendidly; and even after I supposed I had got through with him, and he had gone home, he came back to give in a part he had forgotten. Generally it is sufficient if you tell a suspected customer that unless he gives in everything, it must become your duty to put him under oath, when he must swear to his "statements in the presence of Almighty God." Few men will then dare to lie, but one great trouble is right here. Too often the assessor is afraid to squeeze his customer too tight, for fear of losing his vote at next election. But not alone does fraud enter into the collection of tax on property. Many a time and oft does a five or ten dollar gold piece or greenback hold before the eyes of a revenue officer so eclipse his vision that he fails to discover the contraband goods, even though he is at that very moment looking into the trunk where they are stowed. Reverse the case, and "There is one officer more than human," says the old proverb. I hope Mr. Adams and his friends will go to work and reform the abuses of which he complains, for they need reforming. But bear in mind these abuses are no apology whatever for making the wants and needs of the people support the government, and leaving the property untaxed; and will not Mr. Lee, Mr. Wayne and Mr. Adams meet the subject with the candor that I have done and frankly admit it?

To illustrate more fully what I consider the injustice of taxation by tariff, I will conclude by a brief illustration. Let us for a few moments imagine ourselves in the great city of New York, where more than two-thirds of all our import duty is collected, the amount for the fiscal year of 1885 being one hundred and twenty-five millions in New York out of one hundred and eighty-one millions in the whole country. Here we cross one of its crowded avenues, and in its surging masses we see the evidences of wealth and poverty mingling in the closest contact with each other. But it is not a sympathetic mingling. I think it was Dr.

"IS IT RIGHT?"

NO. VII.

In presenting No. 7 of our series, the reader has a right to inquire, "What has become of No. 6?" I will tell you, readers. As you doubtless noticed, Mr. O. M. Wayne, in No. 49 of the last volume, opened his political batteries upon me—a thing which I had cautiously guarded against—and in the very opening lines of his article introduced both the Republican and Democratic parties, by name. It seemed to me that such an attack demanded a political reply. Such reply was promptly written and forwarded. The publishers of the *FARMER*, thinking it a little too political, excused their unquieted right, and returned it to me, with request that it might be toned down, and shorn of some of its sharp corners. This I candidly did not feel as though I ought to be required to do, in view of the style of Mr. Wayne's article. This must account for the "suspension of hostilities," which perhaps led my protective opponents to suppose I had retired from the field. But to friends and opponents I desire to say, that is something I don't propose to do, so long as the publishers of the *FARMER* permit me to talk with my brother farmers through their columns. But Mr. Wayne and the readers I would not. Mr. Wayne is not committed to the names, or to the waste basket, but is salted down in good shape; and if my sense of duty and propriety permit, I may some day bring it to the view of the reader; but when I do, it may have to be shorn of some of its most valuable points. Until then, Mr. Wayne will have to wait, while I now proceed to consider the valuable communication of Mr. James Adams, of Adams Basin, N. Y.

It does me good to greet a comrade from the "old Empire State" in which I was born, and which has done so much to people and ennoble this State of Michigan. And now, in the very outset, I desire to say that I sympathize with Mr. Adams and the unfortunate farmers whose condition he depicts. To his question in regard to the oppressed and tax-ridden farms of his country of Monroe, I would frankly answer No, it is not right. The evils of which he complains demand, and I do hope and trust will receive, a remedy. But did Mr. Adams ever hear the motto, that "two wrongs never made a right"? These things that he cites are only evidences of the tax-ridden condition in which the farming class has so long been held. And here we must again revert to the language of our favorite author, Goldsmith:

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Poetry.

HOW CAN A WOMAN KNOW?

I listened last night to a story
(As old as the world is old)
That will never lose its glory,
However oft it is told.
Our parting moments were flying,
When he whispered, with eyes aglow;
"I love you with love undying"—
But—how can a woman know?

When time brings its sorrowful changes
That must come to us women—what then?
(For lost beauty too often estranges
The love of the best of men.)
Will this "dearest and sweetest of faces"
Still dearer and sweeter grow?
When Time shall have stolen its graces?
Ah! how can a woman know?

Will these "beautiful auburn tresses,"
That he thinks so fair to-day,
Be covered with loving caresses
When they are threaded with gray?
When the sun of our life is lying
In the western horizon low,
Will he love "with a love undying"
Ah! how can a woman know?

It would be so pleasant when leaving
This life for the other shore,
Could I only die believing
That he loves me more and more!
But I leave it to One above me
And I trust in his darling son,
I believe he will always love me;
Yet—how can a woman know?

WINTER.

Here now is winter. Winter, after all,
Is not so drear as was my boding dream.
While autumn gleamed its lasting watery gleam
On sapless leafage too inert to fall.
Still leaves and berries clothe my garden wall,
Where ivy thrives on scantiest sunny beam;
Still here a bud and there a blossom seem
Hopeful, and robin still is musical.
Leaves, flowers and fruit, and one delightful song
Remain; these days are short, but now the
Nights,
Intense and long, hang out their utmost lights;
Such starry nights are now, yet not too long;
Frost nips the weak, while strengthening still
The strong
Against that day when spring sets all to rights.
—Christina Rossetti.

Miscellaneous.

A SCHEMER.

It is a curious circumstance that while the waiting room at a dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your lawyer, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office, where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at best in a wretched little ante-room of unmitigated dullness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast; "I suppose it is because lawyers do not often have ladies to visit them, and never children. Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say, Miss, but shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her and looked straight and composedly into his face.

She knew him by sight well enough; the small untidy-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under lip had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond the usual to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most inscrutable of men, and, with a view of sustaining this character, had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was a busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and, taking her cue from him, straightened herself, and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Baywater," she started, "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment, in the event of it being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins, cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, "and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value; but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her by a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly so as not to make a mess of it in the telling."

At this, Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumined his countenance.

"My dear young lady, what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a note-book, and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £50,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality by Mr. Hugh Lorrain, of Queen's Gate, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are so many of us and we want the money dreadfully. Why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man, who has not the shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly, her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus

Wiggins quite forgot his own pecuniary interest.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry, "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil, in dismay. "Wen't what I've told you do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh! Mr. Wiggins, couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double—I mean, if he wins, and nothing at all if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some such nature have been made to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest; the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit here."

Sybil finished pulling up the wrists of her gloves, and then looked at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley square, when you always took the side of us children against our enemy, the gardener."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest, "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the little stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil, "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"And I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that, in a large family, in an aging circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I am sure I don't know how to thank you."

"Now that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office.

As he paused outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son?" he exclaimed. And then he stopped, put his cane to his nose and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley Square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy, Bertie, who was at Eton. He must be six or seven-and-twenty now. Who was the king who planned a match to save off the thirty years' war? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a lawsuit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he prided himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient as a Penelope."

The next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but fell in with instructions to act for him. The more Wiggins entered into the case the more doubtful he became as to the client's chances of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil.

As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in Bloomsbury, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighborhood. Thither at lunch time the very next day old Wiggins betook himself and then glancing around he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand and immediately possessed himself of the seat opposite to him.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across you," he observed, feigning that he considered just the right amount, and no more of surprise.

"Mr. Wiggins, as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially; "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh! grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, engaged or going to be?" said Wiggins.

"No."

"Bravo! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I can get some cash," he said.

"Pooh! Cash! Talk like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get me a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder. Now, tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amiable conversation the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of his dinner party, with a view to arousing the interest of the young people in one another.

When Thursday came his two servants wondered at his fussiness. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but on this occasion not only must he inspect the menu and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put on the chess-table so, this little arm-chair here,

that screen there, and so on all around the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed, when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his button-hole, and a pair of "pansies" on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admirably dressed, and with a dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley square?" the young man asked, quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her, and as she stepped in now with soft folds of Indian muslin falling over her lissome figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any one of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unbent, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or that he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins' part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his power as a strategist, and made it surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very straight into the girl's face, as he said, "Thank you very much, good night."

Was given in a low, slightly constrained voice. At last the day was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins's office, looking the picture of despair.

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side and avoid the subject," said the lawyer, severely.

"Oh; hang it!" said Lorrain; "I am not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologize humbly for ever having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father, through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain, impatiently. "You ought to see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins, significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you know that I am dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whichever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins shortly.

"To her, do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared! Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word. Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh! Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are. I say, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question, Mr. Lorrain, is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave the office," Lorrain went out very soberly and called a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cabman to Morley square.

Once more luck favored him: Sybil was sauntering around the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—she found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct.

"Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for you you'll hate me; if for you, I can't play the part of a fortune-hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife; and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say.

"I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think I do."

"And therewith she glanced again with a happy smile and told herself of course she did. Was he not everything that a man should be?"

During the next few weeks the young man, really thoroughly in love, went ahead like a steam engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines that it is doing all the work—Wiggins, it need not be said, being the child.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent; but Mr. Lorrain always looked so very much surprised to see her that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time, though both knew well enough that a lawsuit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them. Sybil had a reputation for plunging headlong into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness

kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim and had so far successfully failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins' word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was farious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man, actuated partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the young people.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might have been expected. True, his great scheme had succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognized all around; but on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not till the wedding day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion his calm consciousness of sagacity, benevolence and power over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with having been the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill, or almost his fill, of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil, with the basest ingratitude: "You know all Wiggins had to do with it was the original introduction. After that I didn't need any edging on; love would have found out the way, anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil, warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Science of Sleep.

Each successive gradation in sleep is marked by the inclusion of a nervous system, which is for the time being, shut off, so to speak, from participating in the life-function of the individual, until when the maximum intensity is attained, nothing is left but the purely animal, one might say the vegetative, life. Sleep of this degree of intensity, although a perfectly normal process, is not, in health, of long duration. After the lapse of a variable space of time, the systems one by one resume their functions, until finally the sum of perceptions bring about the conditions of awakening.

The brain shares in the need, which is everywhere apparent, of periods of rest. The products of cerebral activity accumulate more rapidly than they are eliminated, and a period therefore arrives when the tissues are no longer able to do their work. The result is an invincible feeling of indisposition to exertion, physical or mental. The temporary and involuntary cessation of activity is at once followed by a diminution of the blood supply; the anemia so induced being, therefore, a consequence, and not a cause, of the state of repose.

The various parts of the nervous system are not all involved simultaneously or to the same extent. The centres governing voluntary movements—the first to be affected, as seen in the nodding of the head and the closure of the eyelids, and the body, if not prevented, tends to assume the position of repose determined by the laws of gravity. The special senses soon follow, but here again they are not abrogated en masse. Sight is the first to go, the stimulus no longer reaching that portion of the cerebrum where it can give rise to a definite sensation, even where the closure of the lids has not shut off external stimuli altogether. Hearing and smell are remarkably persistent, and, except in the deepest sleep, may be said to be only dulled, and not extinguished. Every one is familiar with the case with which sleep is put an end to by unaccustomed noise, even of slight intensity, or, better still, by the cessation of any monotonous sound, as, for instance, the awakening of travellers by rail or steamboat on any stoppage of the train or machinery.

Instances are on record, too, where the inhabitants of a house have been roused simply by the smell of tobacco, indulged in by inexperienced or incautious burglars. The persistent sensibility of these senses may to some extent, be accounted for by the fact that they are not shut off from communication with the outside world, as are, for example, the eyes. To allow sleep, or at any rate, quiet sleep, a certain harmony must exist in the connection of all the organs, which must, so to speak, be tuned to the same tone. If one organ be in a state of activity, or, on the other hand, its condition be abnormal in some other way, the sensorium refuses to abdicate its control. This is familiar to us in the case of cerebral activity or cold feet at bedtime, both being inimical to sleep. Inasmuch, therefore, as insomnia may result from either set of causes, we can either employ drugs, such as opium, which act directly on the nerve centres, and so bring about sleep; or we may resort to medicine, like hyponose, which is said to favor sleep rather than induce it, by allaying the irritable or hyperæsthetic condition of certain organs or parts.—*British Medical Journal.*

Ladies, read Sherwood's advertisement.

Kate Field calls Washington the parlor city, which reminds us that New Orleans, the home of the Louisiana lottery, might be named the drawing-room city.

A Great Remedy for Catarrh.

In another column of this paper will be found an advertisement of a Catarrh remedy, of which a sample is sent free to any sufferer from this terrible scourge. B. S. Lauderbach & Co., the proprietors, are a responsible firm and those who write them will receive prompt attention and square dealing. At 47 Bow St.

Shoe dealer to partner.—That new lot of French slippers is going very slowly. Hadn't we better mark 'em down? Partner.—Yes; mark the fives down to threes and the fours to twos. The change was made, and in a day or two the stock was exhausted.

HALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25, 50c., &c. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. HILL'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE.—Black & Brown, 50c. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 Minute, 25c. DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50c.

RELATIONS-IN-LAW.

"Beware of the wrath of a patient man!" Dazed and excited as she was the proverb passed through Nellie's mind. No man had ever spoken harshly to her before her marriage. From her easy-tempered, courteous husband such language sounded incredibly brutal. A breath so wide and deep could have had no healing save in silent submission, and of this she was incapable. As Everard heated, she grew outwardly cool.

When the last word was shaken from his thick tongue, she was standing at the corner of the hearth, her elbows on the low-draped mantel, the spirited grace of pose and gesture repeated by the mirror behind her; a mocking smile glinted her eyes and curved her lips.

"When I was a little girl playing on our Mississippi plantation," she began, the Southern accent, deprecated by her mother-in-law as "indolent," musically apparent in her deliberate articulation. "I found a pretty shell, red-and-yellow spotted. An old thing, heavy and shut up all around. My brother told me it was a terrapin, and to prove it, he put a coal of fire on its back. When, behold! it stretched out four horrible legs, a tall and such a wicked-looking devil that I ran screaming to my mother, bawling I had seen the devil. I felt just so while you were talking. I do not defend myself against your charges. You only take the cue from your mother and sisters in believing me capable of all manner of impropriety and iniquity such as they would never impute to one born and educated in their 'set,' and it seems there is nothing in the code of our best circles to prevent you from saying what you please to a woman when that woman is your wife. I am at your mercy, and you have showed how completely you appreciate the fact."

They faced each other thus for a half-minute before he turned on his heel and went out. In another half-minute she heard the dull clang of the front door.

"Your visitor stayed late last night," Miss Wilmelina observed to her sister-in-law next morning at breakfast.

Nellie raised her eyebrows mutely in cool impertinence, and went on with her breakfast.

"Of whom do you speak?" inquired madam, wheezingly, but with authority.

"I do not know, mamma. I was in the music-room until a quarter of eleven, and passing by the small parlor, not knowing it was occupied, I saw Jerusha talking with a gentleman, a stranger to me. Half an hour afterward I went downstairs for a letter I had left on the piano, and they were still there."

The mother turned to her son.

"Do not let you help entertain your wife's evening visitors?"

Nellie answered for him in blithe unconcern:

"He went off to the club at half-past eight, and did not return until after midnight. I was rather glad of it, for I dearly enjoyed a tete-a-tete with my old admirer. You have heard me speak of Jack Tyler, Ev? He has just come back from San Francisco, stunningly handsome, and with more millions than he knows what to do with. I haven't had so charming an evening for two years. He was quite low about my marriage, but I succeeded in convincing him that it was not so serious a matter as he had supposed."

Had she been less madly bent on mischief and hurt, she must have quailed at the effect produced by her words. Madam's complexion was ashy-purple, and her daughters whitened and trembled. Four pairs of horrified eyes stared at her. Everard said he could not see in his seat beside her, but she felt him hold his breath, then let it escape painfully.

"Another muffin, if you please!" said the dauntless little rebel to the butler.

When the official had served her, his mistress dismissed him with an imperative wave of the hand.

"I really must insist, Jerusha, that you refrain from unseemly jesting in the hearing of domestics. It is sufficiently reprehensible when there are unmarried young persons of your own sex present. When servants are by, such folly verges on the scandalous."

"I don't understand!" Nellie pretended to stammer and looked the picture of bewildered innocence. "I was never in dead earnest. I can't remember when Jack and I weren't in love with one another, and I was awfully sorry for him last night when I saw how out of it he was at seeing me the 'Bride of Another,' as the songs say. Where is the harm in telling the truth?"

A dead silence reigned while she buttered her muffin, bit by bit, and ate it placidly.

"Don't wait for me, please!" she begged, seeing that the rest had laid down knives and forks.

"The sight of my friend, and the jolly, chummy time we had together have given me strength and appetite. And, without flattering your cook, Mother Vroom, I must say that these muffins are almost equal to those we had at home when I was there at Christmas."

"Mother" Vroom, to whom the provincial address was especially odious, arose majestically severe:

"We will avail ourselves of Jerusha's permission to withdraw, my daughters!"

"Thanks, awfully, you know!" said Nellie, sweetly, and the dame led the way from the apartment, "like a temple-of-Juno goose at the head of a line of overgrown goslings," commented Nellie to Jack Tyler, later in the day.

"Don't let me detain you, Ev?" was her next attack. "I am hungry, and you are not, you see."

He was no master of fence, as we have seen. The fall of his hand on her arm was heavy, if not hard.

"What is the meaning of this tomfoolery?" he almost hissed. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Au contraire, I am finding them as fast as I can. You threw off the mask last night"—she laughed—"that is, put feet and head out of the shell. So do I, and I don't mean to draw them in again until I have had my run on the turf. It doesn't pay to cram oneself in such close quarters forever. Hereafter, I shall be myself—Independent Nellie Jones, as the Lord and her parents name her. The Roosevelt-Vroom stamp won't take on such material. I shall not interfere with you, and it will be wise for you to let me alone. I can take care of my own morals and manners."

He seldom came home to luncheon, but Mrs. Grimes had joined the home group when Nellie entered ten minutes behind time, radiant and pretty, most exquisitely attired.

"How d'ye do, Helen?" nodding gayly to the visitor. "I know I am awfully late—you'll excuse me, Mother Vroom, for not going upstairs to lay off my bonnet and wraps. I am just famished—but I have had a perfectly gorgeous drive with Jack Tyler in the park. Cold chicken? yes, thank you, Bennett, bring me a good deal of everything there is for lunch, please! Jack is trying to end of splendid horses before buying a span, so I am booked for a spin every fine forenoon. He has tickets for the opera to-night. To-morrow evening we go to see Irving and Terry in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' He used to call me 'Beatrice' in our courtship days. I never dreamed until now how delightful life in New York could be. I wonder I ever found it the quintessence of stupidity."

"What does Everard say to your pretty little arrangements with your former lover?" queried Mrs. Grimes, in amusement her family considered indecorous.

IMMIGRATION.

Six years ago, when the office of Commissioner of Immigration was created, the FARMER was the only journal in the State which took strong ground against it, and against any system which fostered and encouraged foreign immigration. We believed it unwise in policy and especially unjust to the working classes. It is therefore with a large degree of satisfaction that we note the growth of public sentiment in this direction, as evidenced by the remarks of ex-Governor Alger on the subject in his retiring message. He said:

"Another great problem that must be solved in the near future is the one of immigration. Two years ago I recommended the continuance of the commission of immigration, but the legislature saw fit to abolish the office, and I am now satisfied that they were much wiser than I. An examination of the records of our asylums, prisons, poor houses and jails, will startle you when you find the great per cent of inmates that are foreign born. Bad people of all classes and conditions, criminals, paupers, partially insane, crippled, aged and infirm, are dumped upon our shores, having been sent from foreign countries here because it is much cheaper to pay steamer fare for them across the waters than to keep them, and they bring up in our jails, prisons, poorhouses and asylums, and are supported by the taxpayers of our State. While I believe it is for the best interests of this country to invite people, no matter how large the numbers, to come here from foreign lands, provided they are faithful in body and in mind, and are capable of earning their living and making good citizens during time of peace, and who would be willing in time of war, should that ever come, to take up arms to defend this country, yet I would forever exclude the class first referred to, and would not allow a person to immigrate to this country who cannot present a certificate as to soundness of body, mind and character. As I said before, this kind of ours should not be a dumping ground for these paupers, nor should disturbers of the peace, such as nihilists and anarchists, from other countries be tolerated here. These are the disturbing elements and an element that is growing in strength in our midst. I recommend that a joint resolution be adopted asking our congressmen to urge that laws be enacted carrying out these views."

TO OLD GENESSEE.

DEAR SIR:—In your estimate of manufacturers' profits, you add together the cost of materials and labor and deduct the sum from the value of goods produced, and call the difference clear income; but there must yet be subtracted the cost of insurance, taxes, repairs, commissions and other incidental expenses. When these bills are paid, you will find the "clear income" very much less than 50 per cent.

As Mr. Adams said in last week's FARMER, with capital seeking investment at five per cent, if manufacturing concerns would pay ten per cent, the production of woolen goods would be rapidly increased.

SEWING MACHINES.

Since we began offering the MICHIGAN FARMER sewing machine in connection with the paper, a large number of them have been furnished to the readers of the FARMER in Michigan and Western New York. From those who are using them we have the very strongest endorsement of the merits of this sewing machine. It is a fact, however, that hundreds of our readers have been prevented from ordering one of these machines by the representations of traveling and local agents of other sewing machine companies, who assert that the machines are worthless, the materials out of which they are constructed of the poorest possible description, and other equally false statements. If our readers will remember one or two things they will see just what the trouble is. First, we do not, and will not, pay one dollar of commission on orders for these machines, because we cannot afford to do so. Hence these agents naturally fight a machine on which they cannot make anything for the purpose of selling one on which they make from 50 to 40 per cent commission. Second, we do not take any trouble or go to any expense in their sale. There are no costly show rooms to be maintained, no army of clerks, book-keepers and solicitors to be kept up, and no bad debts. The machines are shipped direct from the factory to the parties ordering them, and there the whole expense ends.

Now, we will assert, without fear of contradiction, that we pay just as much for each of these machines as do the State Agents of those who charge from \$40 to \$60 each for machines they sell. Not a single one of the machines sold at the prices above quoted (from \$40 to \$60) costs over \$15 at the factory. The balance is taken up in commissions to agents, clerk hire, rent of palatial stores, costly fixtures, advertising, etc., etc. Of course if our readers prefer paying the larger price for a machine not one particle better than the one we offer so much below the usual price, they have the privilege of doing so. We now make this announcement for the benefit of those who are thinking of buying a machine. We will send the FARMER and "Household" supplement one year, with the machine for SEVENTEEN DOLLARS, and will warrant the machine to be as represented.

Ex-Gov. ALGER, in his farewell message, recommends an increase of the salary of the Governor of the State. It is really a humiliating fact that the governorship of Michigan can only be held by citizens wealthy enough to stand a considerable drain upon their private resources. Many people will cry out against millionaire governors, and in the next breath argue against any increase of salary, thus practically compelling political parties to inquire into a man's financial standing before they date nominate him. A little consistency is much needed, and we hope to see the Governor put on a par with a Congressman, at least so far as paying for his services is concerned.

This appointment of Hon. John T. Rich, of Elba, Lapeer Co., as State Railroad Commissioner, is one which will reflect credit upon Governor Luce. He succeeds one of the best officials of the State ever had, Hon. Wm. McPherson, Jr., of Howell, and may be relied upon to keep up the good record made by that official.

BOTH Ex-Gov. Alger and Gov. Luce, in their messages, recommend the submission to the people of an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon, Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered perfunctorily by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. For a full list of prices, see the Detroit, Mich.

Probably Worms in a Horse.

SOUTHFIELD, Dec. 31, 1886. I have a horse 18 years old, perfectly sound and never was sick till last spring. He was at work when he commenced sweating very fast, especially in the flank; took him to the barn, and he kept turning up his upper lip and rubbing it on the boards. He would lie down, but did not roll or act as though he had any pain. He has had three or four of these spells, and got over them again. He keeps turning his lip up now, but eats well. If you can tell me what to do for him you will oblige a reader.

MARION WILSON. Answer.—The symptoms as described, though brief, indicate the presence of worms, probably in the small intestines. In the treatment of these parasites we prefer strychnia as the most valuable and reliable of all vermifuges, or worm-destroyers known to man, when properly used. Its action is powerful, and its use dangerous in the hands of a careless nurse. We prescribe it only when prepared by ourselves, and accompanied with a measure graduating the dose, sent by express on receipt of \$1, with full directions for its use. The following is a very good remedy: Oil of male fern, 1 oz.; powdered Jamaica ginger root, half an oz.; mix with molasses for one ball. Repeat the dose once a day for a week. Then give the following: Barbadoes aloes, pulv., six drachms; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., two drachms; mix with water for a ball, and give at night, fasting.

Stretches in Sheep.

PETERBORO, Dec. 27, 1886. Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer. Will you please give me a remedy for the "stretches" in sheep, through the FARMER, and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Stretches, so-called, in sheep, is caused by indigestion, as colic is in other animals. It is, in fact, identical with the disease. The most reliable remedy for it is Prof. R. Jennings' colic mixture. Chloride of sodium (common salt) given freely is a preventive of indigestion in sheep and other stock. More salt, less disease.

New Facts About Feeding.

The well known oil cake manufacturers, Messrs. E. W. Blatchford & Co., Chicago, who have always shown a great interest in the science of feeding farm animals, recognizing the drawbacks that now characterize ordinary oilcake as a supplemental food, have established the manufacture of a strictly true supplemental CATTLE CAKE known as their ROYAL STOCK FOOD, and consisting exclusively of nutrient actually supplemental to, and to assimilate with, the ordinary food produced on the farm.

The valuable properties of oil meal—oil and albumen—are present in this CATTLE CAKE in larger quantity and in more digestible form than in ordinary oil meal, with flesh, fat and milk producing elements of the highest value to the feeder.

In conjunction with this ROYAL STOCK FOOD, a calf rearing meal is prepared as a milk substitute in rearing calves and young stock. It is extremely nutritious, digestible and wholesome, and is found efficacious in preventing scouring.

We have a large mass of correspondence and testimonials concerning this CATTLE CAKE and CALF MEAL before us, in which all the above assertions are emphasized by persons of a national standing in agriculture and farming, and we are convinced that the best interests of our readers will be served in corresponding on the important science of supplemental feeding with the oil established, thoroughly reliable and financially strong manufacturers of these articles, who have always evinced the liveliest interest in the subject, and may safely be considered of the highest practical and commercial authority on it.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Jan. 10, 1887. FLOUR.—Market steady at unchanged prices. Quotations are as follows:

Michigan, stone process..... \$3 50 @ \$3 75
Michigan, patent process..... \$3 50 @ \$3 75
Michigan, patent..... \$3 50 @ \$3 75
Minnesota, patent..... \$3 50 @ \$3 75
Low grades..... \$3 25 @ \$3 50

WHEAT.—The week closed with prices at the lowest range of the previous three days. It was expected the "visible supply" would show a considerable increase, although the foreign demand seems to keep up well. Cash and near futures were the weakest. At the close prices were as follows: No. 1 white, 80c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 red, 81c. In futures, No. 1 white, May delivery, sold at 86c; No. 2 red, January, 84c; February, 85c; May, 86c.

CORN.—Values show a decline in sympathy with wheat. No. 3 spot sold at 77c, and No. 2 yellow at 80c. Market quiet.

OATS.—Market firm, and prices slightly higher. No. 2 white quoted at 27c; No. 3 mixed at 26c, and light mixed at 25c.

BARLEY.—No. 3 selling at \$1 16 1/2; No. 2 central, No. 2 western, quoted at \$1 26 1/2; No. 2 central. Market firm and more active.

RYE.—Quoted at 50c 5/8 @ 51c, with a fair demand.

FEED.—Bran quoted at \$13 00 @ \$13 25 per ton, and middlings \$10 00 @ \$10 25. Market firm.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, \$4 00 @ \$4 25; Malaga, \$3 75 @ \$4 00; oranges, Jamaica, \$3 00 @ \$3 25; Florida, \$2 50 @ \$2 75; box, \$4 00 @ \$4 25; cocoanuts, \$1 00 @ \$1 25; Malagras grapes, \$5 00 @ \$5 25.

BEEFWAX.—Steady at 22c 3/4 @ 23c, as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at 11c 1/2 @ 12c, for comb, and 10c for extracted. Supply large and market quiet.

BEANS.—Market continues quiet and steady at \$1 35 @ 1 40, for city picked medium; unpicked, 75c 3/4 @ 80c, as to quality.

BALED HAY.—Now is quoted at \$8 00 @ \$9 00 for clover, \$11 1/2 @ 12 for No. 1 timothy, and \$10 1/2 for No. 2. These prices are for car lots. Market weak under large receipts.

EAST.—Car lots, Michigan, \$5 00 @ 5 10 per lb.; eastern, 5c; dairy, \$3 10 per lb., according to size of sack; Ashton quarter sacks, 7c.

POTATOES.—Car lots are quoted at 35c @ 40c, for ordinary receipts. From the prices are 40c @ 42c, according to quality.

HOPS.—Best eastern, 3c @ 3 1/2; California, choice, 3c @ 3 1/2; No. 1, 2c @ 2 1/2.

CABBAGES.—Market active at \$1 75 @ 2 00 @ 2 10.

ONIONS.—Market easy at \$2 40 @ 2 50 @ 2 60.

CRANBERRIES.—Market firm at \$3 50 @ 4 00 @ 4 25, for Cape Cod; Michigan, \$1 75 @ 2 00 @ 2 25; Jersey, \$2 50 @ 2 75 @ 3 00.

CIDER.—Clarified held at 10c 1/2 @ 11c, gallon; common 6c.

QUOTATIONS for live are 3c per lb. for roosters, 5c for hens, 10c for ducks, 7c for turkeys, and 6c for spring chickens. Dressed quoted as follows: Chickens, 50c @ 55c; turkeys, 10c @ 12c; ducks, 10c @ 12c. The supply has fallen off the past two or three days, and the market closed firm at prices quoted.

DRESSED HOGS.—There is a steady market with prices trending upwards. Quotations are \$5 50 @ 6 00, for good to choice lots. Packers are unwilling to sell outside figures, but the receipts move off readily.

TIMOTHY SEED.—Selling from store in bagged lots at \$2 00 @ 2 10 @ 2 20.

HIDES.—Green city, 6c @ 7c, country, 5c @ 6c; cured, 50c @ 55c; green calf, 8c @ 9c; sheep-skins, 50c @ 55c; bulls, stags and grubs 1/2 @ 1 1/2.

PROVISIONS.—Some grades of barreled pork show an advance; lard is higher; smoked meats unchanged. At Chicago the week closed with pork and lard lower than the previous day, but higher than last week. Quotations here are as follows:

New mess..... \$12 50 @ \$13 75
Family..... \$12 50 @ \$13 75
Short clear..... \$12 50 @ \$13 75
Lard in tierces, 7c @ 7 1/2
Lard in kegs, 7c @ 7 1/2
Hams, 7c @ 7 1/2
Shoulders, 6c @ 6 1/2
Choice bacon, 10c @ 11c
Extra mess beef, per bbl., 8 00 @ 8 25
Tallow, 5c @ 5 1/2

Detroit Fur Market.

Prices unchanged as follows: Bear—No. 1, 25c @ 26c; No. 2, 24c @ 25c; No. 3, 23c @ 24c; No. 4, 22c @ 23c; No. 5, 21c @ 22c; No. 6, 20c @ 21c; No. 7, 19c @ 20c; No. 8, 18c @ 19c; No. 9, 17c @ 18c; No. 10, 16c @ 17c; No. 11, 15c @ 16c; No. 12, 14c @ 15c; No. 13, 13c @ 14c; No. 14, 12c @ 13c; No. 15, 11c @ 12c; No. 16, 10c @ 11c; No. 17, 9c @ 10c; No. 18, 8c @ 9c; No. 19, 7c @ 8c; No. 20, 6c @ 7c; No. 21, 5c @ 6c; No. 22, 4c @ 5c; No. 23, 3c @ 4c; No. 24, 2c @ 3c; No. 25, 1c @ 2c; No. 26, 0c @ 1c; No. 27, 0c @ 1c; No. 28, 0c @ 1c; No. 29, 0c @ 1c; No. 30, 0c @ 1c; No. 31, 0c @ 1c; No. 32, 0c @ 1c; No. 33, 0c @ 1c; No. 34, 0c @ 1c; No. 35, 0c @ 1c; No. 36, 0c @ 1c; No. 37, 0c @ 1c; No. 38, 0c @ 1c; No. 39, 0c @ 1c; No. 40, 0c @ 1c; No. 41, 0c @ 1c; No. 42, 0c @ 1c; No. 43, 0c @ 1c; No. 44, 0c @ 1c; No. 45, 0c @ 1c; No. 46, 0c @ 1c; No. 47, 0c @ 1c; No. 48, 0c @ 1c; No. 49, 0c @ 1c; No. 50, 0c @ 1c; No. 51, 0c @ 1c; No. 52, 0c @ 1c; No. 53, 0c @ 1c; No. 54, 0c @ 1c; No. 55, 0c @ 1c; No. 56, 0c @ 1c; 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